

PALMETTO STANDARD.

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and earnestly asked it for a favor, that they would all forgo the promised pleasure of the play-house, and remain with him at home through the winter. Though deeply surprised and even disappointed, yet they readily acquiesced, and in the course of the evening, while engaged in their quiet domestic amusements, they were aroused by the alarm of fire; and in a few minutes more by the appalling tidings that hundreds were perishing in the flames of the burning theatre; in which, but for the request which had seemed so strange to them, they too would have been found to be numbered among the victims.

The next morning, the gentleman told them, in explanation of his conduct the evening before, that he had set for the performance, approached, he became unaccountably impressed with the idea or feeling that some fearful calamity was about to fall on the company assembled at the theatre; and that the premonition, in spite of all his efforts to shake it off, length became so strong and distinct, that he secretly resolved to prevent them from attending, and would have done so, were it not for the doors of his house with loaded pistols.

One more instance must we relate in illustration of our subject, which is that of an adventure which was once related to us by an intelligent, truthful and highly-valued personal friend, and which we will give in his own words. "Some years ago," he said, "I was journeying home back through a part of the old and sparsely settled country lying west of the Mississippi, with about two thousand dollars in silver and gold, stowed away in my saddle-bags. After having travelled one afternoon till nearly sunset, without seeing a single hut or inhabitant, and while anxiously gazing about for some better place for the night, I had the good luck, as I then esteemed it, to strike a tiny, honest-looking squatter, of whom I inquired the distance to a tavern. He said it was fifteen or twenty miles, and too far for me to think of going that night, but if I would go with him to his cabin, which was a mile or so off the road, I should be welcome to such accommodations as he and his wife could furnish me. Being taken by the pleasant and apparently kind manner of the man, I thankfully accepted his offer, accompanied him to his log hut, and was hospitably provided with refreshments; when I retired to my bed, which was on the lower floor, and adjoining the room occupied by my entertainer. With my saddle-bags, which I had unwisely let the man handle, placed under part of my pillow, I soon fell asleep with feelings of the most security, having no sort of suspicion that my entertainer was not kind and worthy people. A few sleeping snuffles, I awoke restless and uneasy, why I know not, I thought I must be sick, and felt to examining my pulse, &c., but could detect in myself no symptoms of illness. Besides I soon found my uneasiness was not like that of any physical illness. It was a feeling of apprehension—a vague, yet strong impression that some great evil or danger was impending over me. I tried to reassure myself out of such folly; but instead of succeeding, soon found the strange feelings growing too intense to permit me to keep in bed any longer. And accordingly I arose, crept stealthily to the door opening into the other room, and listened. I could soon distinguish the voices of the man and his wife, who seemed to be engaged in a low and somewhat hurried conversation, of which at length caught enough to convince me they were planning my death, and the manner of disposing of my body afterwards. I hastily crept back, dressed myself, and drawing out my pistols, sat down on the bed, and awaited the result. Presently the door was cautiously opened, and I caught a glimpse of the man entering, with an axe in his hand; and approaching on tip-toe towards me, I stealthily cocking my pistols, I called to him to stop or I would shoot him dead on the spot. He was evidently taken by surprise; for, looking about with the quickness of thought, he hastily stalked out of the room. After waiting with my pistols in my hands, till the first appearance of daylight, I made my escape, unobserved, from the house, mounted my horse, and departed with all possible speed. Gaining the road, I rode on, and in about five miles, instead of fifteen, came to a tavern, where I ascertained that the man at whose house I had stayed, was strongly suspected of having deceived several other travellers to his cabin, in the manner he had me, and murdered them for their money."

The foregoing instances of presentiments, selected from the hundreds of others which might be cited, not only because they were remarkable and striking in themselves, but because they occurred to men whose characters for firmness and intelligence clearly warranted them from all suspicion of having been the victims of any of those mental infirmities which lead to so many false presentiments or groundless forebodings among those of an opposite character—the foregoing instances must drive all candid and reflecting minds, we think, to one of two conclusions; either, first, that the presentiment is an intimation of coming events, which Providence, directly or through the agency of His special spiritual messengers, gives to mortals to warn them of the threatened evil, that they may avoid it; or that they may have an opportunity to prepare to meet the fate which they are not to be permitted to escape; or, second, that these presentiments are caused by the operation of those mysterious spiritual sympathies by which one mind, it is said, sometimes becomes apprised of, or at least, affected by what is silently passing in another mind, so that one man may thus be darkly informed of the plottings which are going on against him in the mind of another, and even to the extent that a mortal may, in the same manner, receive impressions of approaching evil from attendant spiritual beings, who may be hovering around, and looking upon us in commiseration, in view of the doom which they see is about to overtake us.

These are the two conclusions, from which we, at least, find ourselves compelled to choose. Which is the most correct one? While most of those who are guided by the simple faith of the Christian, in its literal teachings, will probably adopt the first one named, there are many, we apprehend, inclined to believe in the correctness of the latter, conceiving it to be in accordance, probably, with some fixed law of Providence, which, though but imperfectly revealed to us, may be equally well calculated to carry out His designs. And who can say that it is not so?

"For knowledge strives in vain to feel her way Amidst these marvels of the mind."

THE LOST AND THE LIVING.

BY FANNY FERN.

The husband's tears may be few and brief, He may woo and win another; But the daughter clings in unchanging grief, To the image of her mother!

But a fleeting twelvemonth had passed since the heart (that for years had beat against his own) was forever stilled, when Walter Lee brought again a fair young creature to share his widow home. Nor father, nor mother, brother nor sister, claimed any part of the orphan heart that he coveted and won. No expense or pains had he spared to decorate the mansion for her reception. Old familiar objects, fraught with tenderest associations, had been removed, to make way for the upholsterer's choicest fancies. There was no picture left upon the wall, with sweet, sad, mournful eyes, to follow him with silent reproach. Everything was fresh and delightful as the new-born joy that filled his heart.

"My dear Edith," said he, fondly pushing back the hair from her forehead: "there should be no shadow in your pathway, but I have tried in vain to induce Nelly to give you the welcome you deserve; however, she shall not annoy you. I shall compel her to stay in the nursery till she yields to my wishes."

"Oh, no! I don't do that," said the young step-mother, anxiously; "I think I understand her. Let me go to her, dear Walter," and she tripped lightly out of the room.

Walter Lee looked after her retreating figure with a lover-like fondness. The room seemed to him to grow suddenly darker, when the door closed after her. Reaching out his hand, he almost unconsciously took up a book that lay near him. A slip of paper fluttered out from between the leaves, like a white-winged messenger. The joyous expression of his face faded into one of deep sorrow, as he read it. The handwriting was his child's mother's. It ran thus:

"Oh, to die and be forgotten! This warm heart cold—these active limbs still—these lips dumb?—Suns to rise and set, flowers to bloom, the moon to silver leaf and tree around my own dear home—the merry laugh, the pleasant circle, and I not here! The weeds choking the flowers at my headstone—the severed tress of sunny hair forgotten in its envelope; the sun of happiness so soon absorbing the dew-drop of sorrow! The express changed for the orange wreath!"

Oh, no, no! don't forget I close your eyes sometimes, and bring before you the face that once made sunshine in your home! the lips that told you (not in words) how dear you were. Oh, Walter, don't quite forget! From Nelly's clear eyes, let her mother's soul still speak to you.

MARY LEE.

Warm tears fell upon the paper, as Walter Lee folded it back. He gave himself time to rally, and then glided gently up to the nursery door. It was partially open. A little fairy creature of some five summers, stood in the middle of the floor. Her tiny face was half hidden in sunny curls. Her little pinose was full of toys, which she grasped tightly in either hand.

"No, you are not my mamma," said the child. "I want my own dead mamma, and I'm sorry papa brought you here."

"Oh, don't say that," said the young step-mother; "don't call me 'mamma,' if it gives you pain, dear. I am quite willing you should love your own mamma best."

Nelly looked up with a pleasant surprise. "I had a dear mamma and papa once," she continued; "and brothers and sisters so many and so merry; but they are all dead; and sometimes my heart is very sad; I have no one now to love me but your papa and you."

Nelly's eyes began to moisten; and taking out one after another of the little ornaments

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

The following beautiful comparison is from a lecture recently delivered at St. Louis by T. E. Meagher, on Australia:

One fair morning, towards the close of this summer, I stood in a field that overlooked the Hudson. I was struck with the glowing ripeness of the fruit which waved around me, and broke into an expression of delight. It seemed to me the most glorious I had seen in any clime; the most glorious the earth could bring forth.

"That seed," said one, who stood by, "came from Egypt."

It had been buried in the tombs of Kings; had lain with the dead for three thousand years. But though wrapped in the shroud, and locked within the pyramids, it died not. It lived in the silence; lived in the darkness; lived under the mighty mass of stone; lived with death itself; and now that the dust of the Kings has been disturbed; that they have been called and move not; that the bandages have been removed, and they open their eyes; behold the seed gives forth life, and the fields rejoice in its glory.

And thus it is, that the energies, the instincts, the faith, all the vitalities which have been buried elsewhere; have been entombed elsewhere; in these virgin soils revive, and that which seemed mortal becomes imperishable. And thus it is, that reviving here the seed will multiply, and borne back to the ancient lands, will people the places that are desolate; and with the song of the harvest the wilderness shall be made glad.

Children of the old world, be of good cheer! Whist in the homes; by the Rhine, the Seine, the Danube, and the Arno, the Shannon and the Suir; in the homes you have left, the wicked seem to prosper, and ambitious Senates provide for the offspring of the tyrant, even to the third and fourth generation; Freedom strengthens herself in these lands and in the midst of countless hosts, concentrate the power by which the captive shall be redeemed, and evil lords dethroned.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

A few years ago, the inhabitants of Seville read with surprise, in the advertisements of an approaching bull fight, the unusual notice:

"When the third bull shall have attacked the picadors, and received three pairs of banderillas, a young peasant, by whom he was brought up, will appear in the circus. He will approach the bull, caress it, and, after removing the banderillas one after another, will lie down between his horns."

The announcement of so singular a feat attracted an immense crowd to the amphitheatre. The third bull appeared, an animal with splendid horns, received the banderillas, and became furious. Then, contrary to custom, all the terrors retired from the ring, leaving the bull stamping about, and shaking the bloody darts that hung from his neck. All at once, a long whistle was heard. The bull paused and listened. It was repeated. He approached the barrier, and a young man leapt into the ring, calling the bull by his name—Mosquito! Mosquito!

The animal knew its master, came to caress him, and was appeased. The peasant gave him his hand to lick, and with the other, began to scratch it behind the ears; an operation which seemed to afford the poor brute much pleasure; he then gently removed the banderillas, which annoyed the neck of Mosquito, made it go down on its knees, and placed his head between its horns. The grateful bull seemed to listen with pleasure to a pastoral melody sung by the master. The admiration of the multitude, hitherto suppressed by surprise, burst forth with Andalusian violence, and shook the building. Hearing this phrenzied applause, which had accompanied all his sufferings, the bull, till then under a charm, appeared to awake and return to reality. He suddenly rose, bellowing, and the peasant tried to escape. But it was too late. The animal, as though furious at being betrayed, tossed the young man in

to the air, received him again on his horns, gored him, trampled on him, crushed him to pieces, in spite of the efforts of the Toreros. The junction was suspended; and a phenomenon in Spain; the horrified public quitted the circus in silence.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock, Was the brightest thing, and nearest: Its hands though old, had a touch of gold, And its chime still rung the sweetest: 'Twas a monitor too, though its words were few, Yet they lived, though nations altered; And its voice, still strong, warned old & young, When the voice of friendship faltered: 'Twas 'tick-tick!' it said; 'quick, quick to bed; For ten I've given warning; Up, up, and go, or else, you know, You'll never rise soon in the morning!'

A friendly voice was that old, old clock, As it stood in the corner smiling, And blessed the time, with a merry chime, The wintry hours beguiling; But a cross old voice was that tiresome old clock As it called at daybreak hollily: When the dawn looked grey o'er the misty way And the early air blew coldly: 'Tick-tick!' it said; 'quick out of bed; For five I've given warning; You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth, Unless you're up soon in the morning!'

Still hourly the sound goes round and round, With a tone that ceases never, While tears are shed for the bright days fled And the old friends lost forever: Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone, Its hands still move, though hands be long: 'Tick-tick!' it said; 'to the church-yard bed The grave hath given warning! Then up and rise, and to the skies, And prepare for a heavenly morning!'

PRESS ON.

Press on! there's no such word as fail! Press on! the goal is near— Ahead the mountain rises pale— Look upward, onward—never fail! Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above, Though storms and vapors intervene, That sun shines on, whose name is love, Sincerely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on! surmount the rocky steep! Climb boldly o'er the forest's arch! He falls alone who feebly creeps, He wins who dares the hero's march. Be then a hero—let thy might Tramp on eternal snows its way, And, through the ebon walls of night, How down a passage unto day.

Press on! what though upon the ground Thy life has been poured out like rain! That happiness is always found The sweetest which is born of pain. Oft 'mid the forest's deepest gloom, A flower of brightest tint you'll see, And in the dreariest desert blooms A never-dying rose for thee.

Therefore, press on! and reach the goal, And gain the prize, and wear the crown! Fail not for to the steadfast soul Come wealth and honor and renown: To thine own self be true, and keep Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from will! Press on! and thou shalt surely reap A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

Select Miscellany.

THE LADY FREE MASON.

Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger, was the only female who was ever initiated into the ancient and honorable mystery of Freemasonry. How she obtained this honor, we shall lay before our readers, premising that our information is derived from the best sources. Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous Mason, held a warrant and occasionally opened a lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting; and it is said, that never were masonic duties more rigidly performed than by the brethren of No. 150, the number of their warrant. It appears that previously to the initiation of a gentleman to the first degree, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a lodge room, but whether the young lady was there by design or accident, we cannot confidently state. The room at the time was undergoing some alteration; amongst other things, the wall was considerably reduced in one part, for the purpose of making a chimney. The young lady, having heard the voices of the freemasons, and being prompted by the curiosity natural to all, to see this mystery so long and so secretly locked up from public view, had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and thus witnessed the two first steps of the ceremony.

Curiosity gratified, fear at once took possession of her mind, and those who understand this passage well know what the feelings to any person must be, who could unlawfully behold that ceremony; let them then judge what were the feelings of a young girl under such extraordinary circumstances. There was no mode of escape except through

the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized, at the far end, and the room a very large one. Miss St. Leger, had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way, and with light but trembling steps glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and surly Tiler, with his long sword unsheathed.

A shriek that pierced through the apartment alarmed the members of the Lodge, who, rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, resolved, it is said in the paroxysm of their rage, to put the fair spectacle to death; but on the moving and earnest supplication of her youngest brother, her life was spared, on condition of her going through the two remaining steps of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through these trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would afterward reflect a lustre on the annals of Masonry.

Miss St. Leger was directly descended from Sir Richard de St. Leger, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and was of that high repute that he, with his own hand supported the Prince when he first went out of his ship to land in Sussex. Miss St. Leger was cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, Governor of St. Louis, who instituted the interesting race, and the celebrated Doneraile St. Leger stakes. Eventually she married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of New Market, a member of a highly honorable and ancient family. Whenever a benefit was given at any of the theatres in Dublin or Cork, for the Marine Female Orphan Asylum, Mrs. Aldworth walked at the head of the Freemasons, with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on these occasions. "The portrait of this estimable woman is in the lodge-room of every lodge in Ireland."

LOOK OUT FOR THE WOMEN.—Young men! keep your eye peeled when you are after the women. If you bite at the naked hook you are green. Is a pretty dream or form so attractive? Or a pretty face even? Flourences, boys, are of no sort of consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the first will give way to the scowl of the legermain. The most form will be pitched into dirty calico. Another and a far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess, who smiled sweet smiles and eat your sugar candy.

Keep your eye peeled boy, when you are after the women. If the little dear is cross, and scolds at her mother in the backroom, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all around the house. If she blushes when found at the wash tub with sleeves rolled up, be sure, sir, that she is of the red fish aristocracy; little breeding and less sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit woman slaughter upon the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find the one who is as kind as a lamb, and then pitch in. Don't be hanging round like a sheep thief, as though ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough and tell your business like a white man.

SCHOOLBOYS AT A BALL.—When Dr. Parr, the eminent Greek scholar, was head-master of the grammar school at Norwich, he received many civilities from the resident gentry of the neighborhood, in part requital of which he bestowed himself of giving a ball to his country acquaintance. The scene of festivity was a large school room, which was separated by large folding doors from a dormitory, in which about sixty boys took their nightly repose. On the evening of the ball they had all been sent to bed earlier than usual, but the doctor had not duly estimated the mercurial temperament of boyhood, in flattering himself that sleep would keep them quiet on such a night.

No sooner had the dancing commenced, than the whole school slunk out of bed, and in a compact mass pressed against the folding door, to obtain, through a keyhole, alternate glimpses of the outer revelry. Now the doors were not strong enough to withstand such unusual pressure, and at length, with a crash gave way, dousing into the ball room, head and heels, a perfect catarrh of naked urchins! The disturbance of the moment, the rage of the doctor, the consternation of the ladies, and the gambols of the doctor's boys, are all beyond description.—*Colman's Magazine.*

"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company, "they are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tones." "Is that so, madam," said a wit, who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are liars?"

DRIVE HOME.—Charles Lamb once said to a brother "whit player, Maria Barney, whose hands were warm of the theatre." "Maria! if I drive were trumps what I find you have!"

GEMS FROM TUPPER.

FRANK'S LONDON MAGAZINE has been showing up "the pretensions of that amiable, wealthy, and unaccountably over-rated poetaster, Tupper." A cutting imitation of his Proverbial Philosophy is embodied in the review; as for example:

The sun sets in the west; darkness envelopes the earth. Light is something; we have said it; when the sun sets something is gone. Speech is the light of thought; silence is darkness; thought is a sun. When the sun sets, thought ends; silence should come but it does not. Speech, which is light, goes on, yet how it is light we marvel. Speech without thought is heavy; heavy and light are dissimilar. Speech, then, is light and heavy; there is unity in contradiction. We talk but we have nothing to say; such talk is proverbial. Give us a form of speech; give us a manner of speaking. Sentences please on the lip, if the mouth will utter them roundly. Matter to say we have none, but we speak in the manner of Tupper. Manner will make the man, and as for the matter—what matter! Yet it is good to pass in a thing that might go on forever. Milk is sweet, nuts are hard, bricks are red, but white are occasionally. Let the voice die on the lip; the words of the wise are ended.

AN IDEA.

Whether there can be life in the planets and other heavenly bodies, has been discussed in a pamphlet, by Nelson, published in London. We clip a passage or two:

"We should be blinded with the glare, and burnt up, if transported into Mercury, where the sun acts as if seven times hotter than on the earth; and we should shiver in the dark, and be frozen to death, if removed to Uranus, where the sun is three times colder than he is felt to be on us. To pass from Uranus to Mercury, would be to undergo in the latter, exposure to a temperature some two thousand times higher than we had experienced in the former, whilst on this earth the range of existence lies within two hundred degrees of the Fahrenheit thermometer. As for our satellite, Sir John Herschel says of it:—'The climate of the moon must be very extraordinary; the alternation being that of unmitigated and burning sunshine, fiercer than an equatorial noon, continued for a whole fortnight, and the keepest severity of frost, far exceeding that of our polar waters, for an equal time. It would seem, then, that though all else were equal, the variations in amount of light and heat, would alone necessitate the manifestation of a non-terrestrial life upon the sun, and the spheres which accompany the earth in its revolutions around it. All else, however, is not equal. The intensity of gravity at the surfaces of the different heavenly bodies differs enormously. At the sun it is nearly twenty-eight times greater than at the earth. An ordinary man, for example, would not only be unable to sustain his own weight on the sun, but would be literally crushed to atoms under the load. Unity is in nature often nearest to exactly when variety seems to have put it farthest away. We are like the sailors of Magellan who first rounded the globe. Every day they sailed farther, as they reckoned, from the place of their departure, and ploughed what seemed to them a straight line of increasing length, which had all to be retraced before their first harbour could be gained; but behold, when they had sailed longest, and seemed furthest from home, they had the least to sail over, and were nearest to port. Exactly when hope of return was faintest, were they called on to exclaim like the Ancient Mariner—"

"Oh, dream of joy! is this indeed The light-house top? Is this the hill? Is this the kirk? Is this my own country?"

A voyage through space would, in like manner, turn out to be a circumnavigation. We should set sail from Unity, and traverse the great circle of a universe's variety, till we came round to Unity again."

"Does Isaac manifest any taste for poetry, Mrs. Partington?" asked the schoolmaster's wife, while conversing on the merits of the youthful Partington. The old lady was basting a chicken which her friends had sent her from the country.

"O yes," said the old lady, smiling; "he is very partial to fond of poetry, and it always seems as if he can't get enough of it."

The old spit turned up the first page in response to her answer, while the basting was going on.

"I mean," said the lady, "does he show any of the divine affluents?" The old lady thought a moment. "As for divine affluents, I don't know about it. He has had all the complaints of children, and when he was a baby he fell and broke the strings of his nose, but I hardly think he's had this that you speak of."

The roasted chicken smelt and started, and Mrs. Partington basted it again.—*Carpet Bagg.*

Never leave your hat in the passage, unless it's a bad one.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.



COLUMBIA, 19th January, 1853.

THE Managers of Elections in each Congressional District throughout the State, are hereby required to open the Polls at their respective places of Elections, and to hold an election for Representatives in the Congress of the United States, on the fourth Monday in February next, in conformity with the writ hereto appended. In obedience to a resolution passed at the last sitting of the Legislature, a writ of Election legal notice, and being duly qualified to proceed to hold an election for a Representative in the Congress of the United States, for each Congressional District, on the 4th Monday in February next, and on the day following, at the same place, and to be conducted by the same managers, and in the same manner as the election of members of the State Legislature; and after having determined on the persons duly elected, you do certify the same according to law, under your hand and seal to the Governor, at Columbia, by the first Monday in April next, on which day the votes will be counted, and thereafter the elections declared.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State in Columbia this 19th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, and in the seventy-seventh year of the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States of America.

By the Governor, JOHN L. MANNING, BENJAMIN PERCY, Secretary of State.

Jan. 26 4 5t.

Selling Off.

THE Subscriber is now selling off his stock of GOODS, &c.

at his Store on Fishing Creek; all those desirous of good bargains will do well to call on the Major.

Nov. 3 44

The People's School.

The undersigned having purchased the situation formerly owned by Col. Randall, deceased, informs his neighbors and the public in general, that he will open a school at this beautiful and healthy situation, on the 15th of February next. This is designed to be a female school; but in view of the fact that previous engagements may for the present interfere with this school, boys not over 15 years will be received. Hence if any wish to take charge of their families, consisting of daughters and sons not more than 15, I will accommodate them. Any and all branches, ornamental and scientific, will be taught by the subscriber, assisted by his lady and others, if necessary. Tuition will be the customary price at such schools; but boarding cheaper, as I can furnish a beautiful supply of provisions on my fertile South River lands. The subscriber lives 10 miles south-west of Charleston, and 5 from Baton Rouge. The patronage of the public thus solicited. For further particulars refer to

Jan. 19 3 4t.

Bascomville Female Seminary.

THE exercises of this institution will be resumed on Monday, the 10th of January next, under the direction of Miss Sarah L. Hall and Miss Caroline F. Pond.

The Literary department will be conducted by Miss Hall, who is a graduate of Troy Seminary, N. Y., and the Music and Ornamental department by Miss Pond, who is also from Troy Seminary.

These young ladies come not only with the highest recommendations for superior scholarship, but also for energy and integrity of character.

The Trustees have taken great pains and trouble to procure good efficient Teachers, and they feel confident that such are secured. They would say to the public, that the school is one of the best Schools in Chester District; one which all parents and guardians shall love to patronize.

No pains will be spared by any of the Trustees to make this a flourishing institution, and to sustain the reputation which it has heretofore received.

Good Board can be obtained in the neighborhood upon reasonable terms.

Rates of tuition the same as before.

Rates of tuition per session.

Primary Department, Embracing Reading, Writing & Spelling, \$5 00

Second Department, Embracing all the above together with Grammar, Arithmetic & Geography, \$6 00

First Department, Embracing all the above together with all the higher branches of an English Education, such as Botany, Physiology, Philosophy, Natural and Mental, Cosmology, Geometry, Algebra, &c., \$8 00

Music upon Piano, extra, \$18 00

Use of Piano, \$2 00

French Language, \$5 00

Latin Language, \$5 00

Needle Work, \$5 00

Drawing and Painting, \$6 00

WM. J. HICKLIN, Secretary of the Board of Trustees.

Dec. 29 4t.

LEWISVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.

[TEN MILES EAST OF CHESTERVILLE.]

REV. L. McDONALD, Minister.

Mrs. A. S. WYLLIE, Principal.

With Assistants in the various Departments.

THE Scholastic year will be divided into two sessions of Five Months each, commencing on the 17th of January and 18th of July.

Terms for Boarding, Washing, Fuel, Lights and Tuition, never to exceed \$60 for one session.

Music and all Ornamental branches extra, at most reasonable rates.

All accounts must be paid at the end of each Session.

In sickness residents' pupils are attended free of charge.

For a Circular containing full particulars, address Mrs. W. Wyllie, Lewisville, P. O., Chester District, S. C.

When a lady comes to the school, a carriage will meet her, coming as far as Lewis Turn Out, on the Charlotte & S. C. Rail Road.

References.

Ex-Gov. J. H. MANN; Ex-Gov. J. P. RICHMOND; Genl. J. W. CANTY; and the patrons of the school generally.

"The Charleston, Black River Watchman and Chester Times" will publish weekly for 3 months, and forward schools.

Dec. 23 4t.

Castor Oil.

FOR sale by the gallon or bottle: quart bottles at 40 cents, warranted of best quality.

J. A. REEDY.

CORN WANTED.

FROM one to five hundred bushels good sound corn, can be sold for Cash to

JAMES PAGAN & CO.

Dec. 1 4t.

Read and Remember!

THAT all persons indebted to the undersigned will, after the 1st of February, '53 and their Notes and accounts with W. A. Walker, Esq., for collection, without exception of persons.

W. M. NICHOLSON.

Nov. 24 4t.

2,000 Pounds Tallow.

A GOOD article, just received and for sale by

BRAWLEY & ALEXANDER.

Sept. 22 4t.

Building Lots.

THE subscriber has a number of Building Lots, lying very near to the Main Street, which he will sell on accommodating terms. Apply to

WM. D. HENRY.

Jan. 10 3

House and Lot for Sale.

ON the first Monday in February next I will offer for sale, at public auction, the House and Lot, in the town of Chester, belonging to Dr. Mobley. The House is new, well arranged, and the lot in all respects well improved.

For terms to Sale Day, the premises may be examined for private sale, and on advantage to be taken.

A. P. WYLLIE.

Jan. 10 3

Black Patent Fire Proof Paint.

A Cheap and durable article.

J. A. REEDY.

Nov. 24 4t.

Notice to All!

THE subscriber having bought out the entire interest, Stock, &c. of Mr. Wm. Thompson, now offers to the public his best endeavors to please them, both in price and quality of

Boots and Shoes.

There is no mistake but that those wishing to purchase for cash, will find their money as judiciously laid out at his establishment, (the old stand of Mr. Thompson), as any other in the District. Come and see!

JAMES ROBINSON.

Dec. 8 4t.

South Carolina—Chester District.

IN THE COURT OF ORDINARY.

WILLIAM McILLAN, having applied to me for Letters of Administration, on the Estate of James W. McMillan, dec'd: Notice is hereby given that the same will be granted him on the 8th inst. if no well founded objection be made.

PETER WYLLIE, J. C. C. D.

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